ON

STATE AFFAIRS.

1601. a 63
10

FOUR FABLES.

The PIGEONS. *Fable* the Ist.

The RAVENS and CROWS. *Fab.* IId.

The FARMER and HARE. *Fab.* IIId

The Apple and Horse-turd. *Fable* IVth.

in: Printed by *Edward Waters*, on the back of the *Blind-Key*, near *Essex-Bridge*, 1728.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Of the Pigeons. *FABLE* I.

THE *Hawks* were once at mortal Jars,
Which came at length to Civil Wars.
The *Pigeons* they ſtood looking on,
And, full of Pity, made great moan,
To ſee how bloodily they fought,
And each the other's Ruin ſought.
And never would theſe Creatures ceaſe,
'Till they had mediated Peace.
The *Hawks* did eaſily conſent,
So Peace was made, and Home they went;
Where when they came and wanted Prey,
And how to paſs their time away,
They fairly made one general Swoop,
And eat their Mediators up.
Two lucky *Pigeons* were not there,
And ſo eſcap'd the Maſſacre.
Of which the one to th' other ſaid,
How came our Kindred all ſo mad?

Part-

Parting of *Hawks*! *Hawks* ever shou'd
Be gorg'd with one anothers Blood.
The Wicked have a natural Rage,
(A thirst of Violence to asswage)
Which if not on the *Wicked* spent,
Will fall upon the *Innocent*.

And thou, O Church of England *Dove,*
Doat not upon thy Peace,
That may, than War, more fatal prove
Both to thy Wealth and Ease.

Ravens and Crows, *FABLE* IId.

A Lusty Horse, not long ago,
Would snuffle, snort and kick,
Curvet and Prance, as others do,
Was fallen wond'rous sick.
'Twas far from any House or Town,
No Doctor cou'd be got;
So the poor Beast must die alone,
And without burial rot.
He restless lay upon the Ground,
And turn'd from side to side;
His Groans the neighb'ring Woods resound,
Where Birds of Prey reside.
No sooner did they hear the Noise,
But from the Woods they flew, Who

hole troops of *Ravens*, and the *Crows*,
And round the Horse they drew,
t length a *Raven* of renown,
Strutting like Prince of *Conde*,
s black as any Parson's Gown
He wears upon a *Sunday*;
ets on a Mole-hill, look'd around,
And thus bespoke the *Crows*;
e're antient Friends, and without ground
We will not now be Foes.
ou know, by Contract, we're to have
The Carrion of this Place;
nd you the other side did crave,
Such our Agreement was.
o, quoth the *Crows*, this very Place
To us is free as Air;
nd how dare you with such a face,
Oppose such numbers here?
y, quoth the *Raven*, then we'll try
To whom it doth belong;
ut first let the poor Creature die,
Then see who's right or wrong.
oth sides resolv'd to fight it out,
Each do's Advantage take;
hey march, and march, and march about,
And each one whets his Beak:
hey view the Ground, and mark the Camp,
And the Approaches form;
ontrive the easiest Methods how
They may the Carcase storm.
ean time the Horse lyes dangerous ill,
Yet shites, and farts, and groans;

Good

Good ſigns, they ſay, in Phyſick skill,
And ſtretching of the Bones.
Th' Horſe (tho' helpleſs) by degrees
Began to gather ſtrength;
At firſt he riſes on his Knees,
And on his Legs at length.
The Birds of Prey were all ſurpris'd;
And all away they flew;
The Battle's thus on both ſides loſt,
And all the Carrion too.

Thus ſome, whom neither Peace nor Wars
Can ſatisfy, ſtill hope for Jars;
That by great Princes falling out,
They may their Buſineſs bring about.

Farmer and Hare. *FABLE* IIId.

A *Hare* did once into a Garden get,
Belonging to a Farmer;
Where ſhe began to throw up Earth, and ea
And do ſome little Harm.
The *Farmer* cours'd her round and round,
But got her not away;
Puſs took a liking to the Ground,
And there reſolv'd to ſtay.
Well, quoth the Fellow, in a Fret,
Since you are grown ſo bold,
I ſhall ſome more Aſſiſtance get,
And drive you from your Hold.

nd ſtrait he ſends to a young *Squire*,
That he by break of Day,
ould with his Pack of Hounds repair,
And ſport himſelf that way:
he Squire, as ask'd, attended came,
With Folks, and Horſe, and Hounds,
nd in purſuance of the *Game*,
Rode over all the *Grounds*.
hey leapt the *Ditches*, broke the *Hedges* down,
And made moſt fearful Waſte;
hey trampled all the *Garden* round,
And kill'd poor *Puſs* at laſt.
t this the *Farmer* tore his Hair,
And ſwore moſt bloodily,
——ds! what confounded work is here?
And what a Fool am I?
Not fifty *Hares*, in fifty Days,
Had ſo much miſchief done,
s this good *Squire* (whom I muſt praiſe
And thank) hath wrought in *One*.

f our *Deliverance from the Frights*
Of ſtanding Army near,
And ſilly ſuperſtitious Rites,
Worth Forty Millions *were*;
Then have we wiſely broke our Mounds,
That our Defences were,
Wiſely call'd in our Neighbours Hounds,
And kill'd the deſperate Hare.
But if, withal this vaſt Expence,
Beſides a Sea of Blood,
Spilt in the Church and States Defence,
Our Matters ſtand much as they ſtood; Then

Then have we done a World of Ill,
With endleſs Coſt and Pains,
A little hurtful Hare *to kill,*
And well deſerve the Brains.

Of the Apple and the Horſe-Turd.
FABLE IV.

AN Apple falling from a Tree,
Which near a River ſtood,
With Horſe-Turd in his Company,
Was ſailing down the Flood:
When Turd, ambitious to diſcourſe,
A thing ſo much above it,
Would into Converſation force,
As down the River drove it.
'Lord! Madam, what a pleaſant Stream
'Is this in which we ride?
'Siſter! How we two Apples ſwim!
The foul Surrev'rence cry'd.

NO 25 58

A Threadbare Writer, who perchance
Has not one Farthing paid,
To carry on the War with France,
Towards the Royal Aid;
Crys; Damn this curs'd confounded Peace,
It Forty Millions coſt,
And we could not procure our Eaſe
'Till all our Wealth was loſt.

Next Wednſday will be publiſh'd (Numb. 2.) *of like State Fables, by the Printer hereof. And ſo on weekly.*